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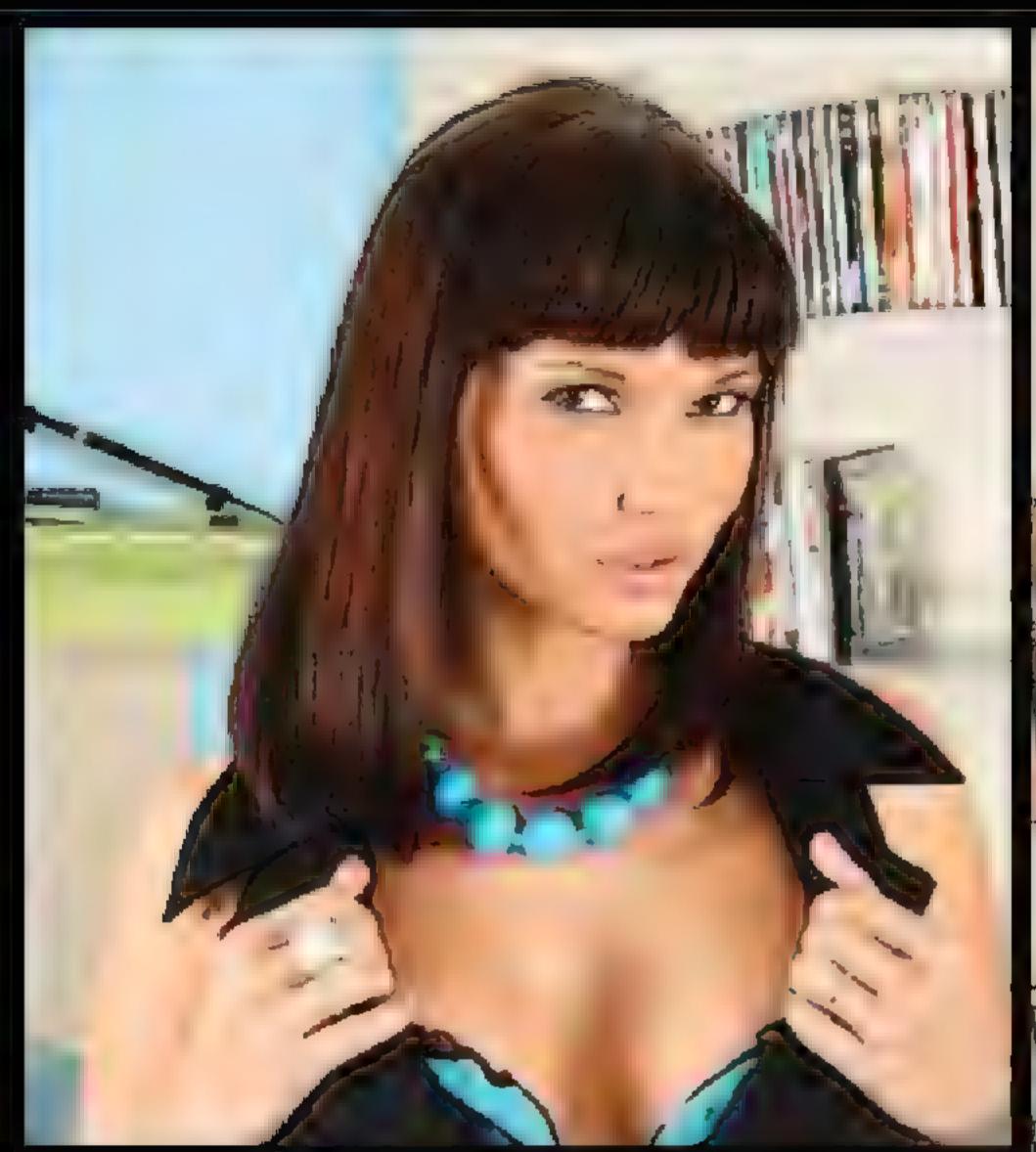














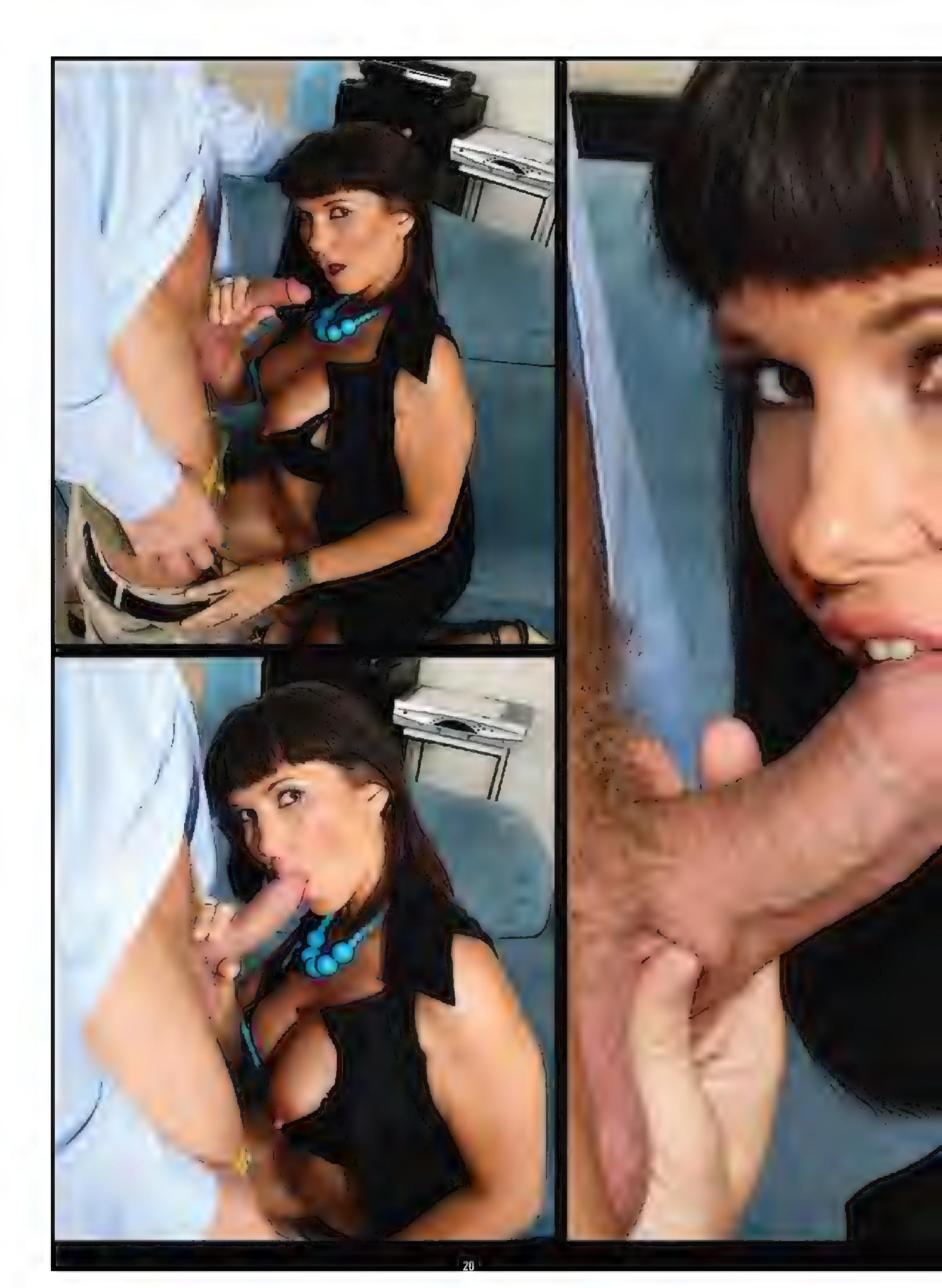


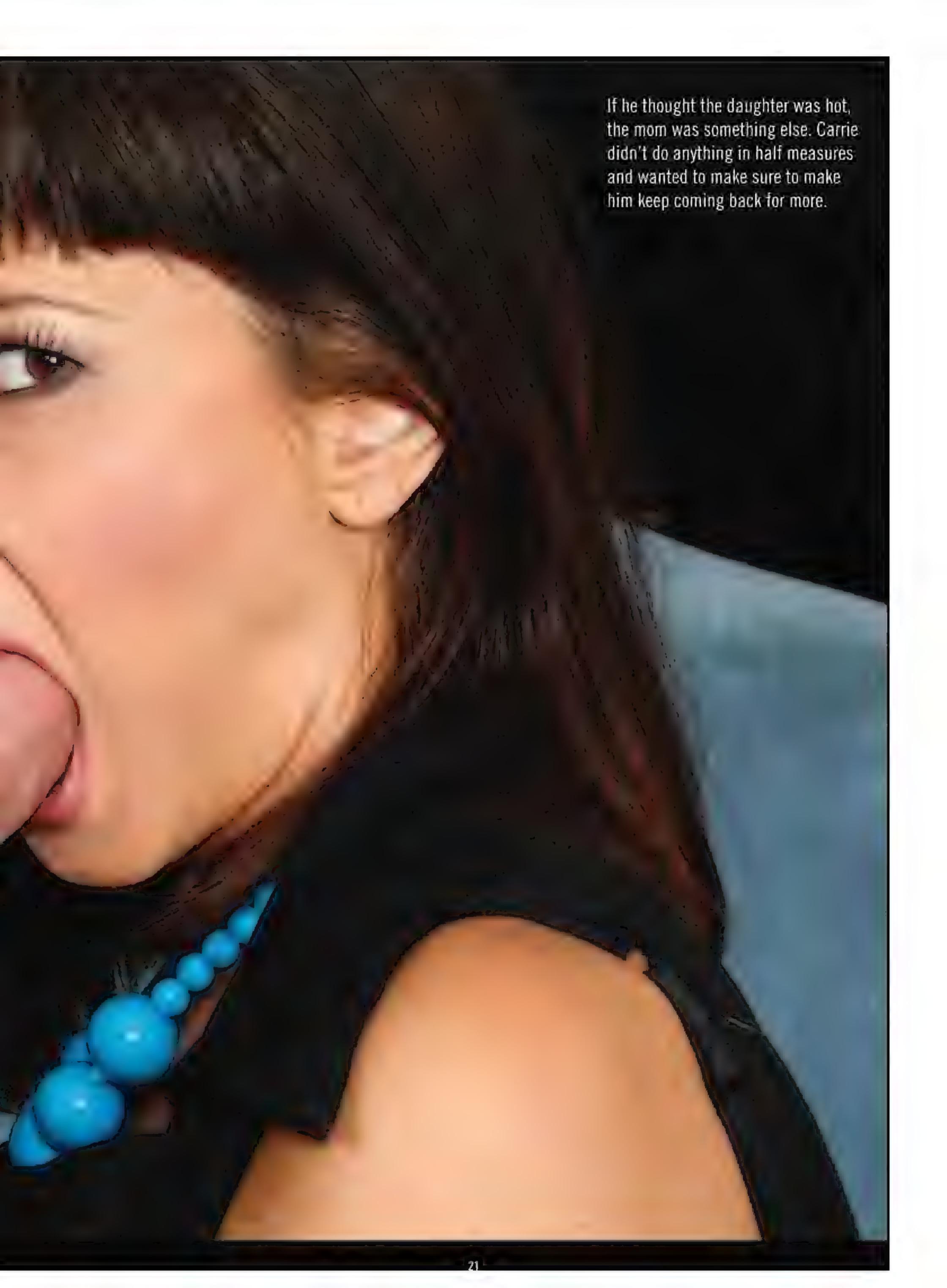
WIF Seduction



















If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

To the Editor:

I wanted to share a story I wrote with you and your readers. It's based on my life, but I changed the names to protect the not so innocent.

Enjoy

Owen and Latetia were living together. Young lovers, they enjoyed the flirting, the teasing and the risk of public affection. Sometimes they also enjoyed pushing the limits, seeing what they could get away with in public. A game, it was the perfect foreplay to their sex life back in the safety and privacy of their small flat.

Owen dumped the laundry on top of the washer and closed the community laundry room door while Latetia fished in her shorts for the quarters. He watched as her soft sweat shorts bobbed around, displaying her tight thighs and ass beneath. He knew she was out of panties and he would have to do little to get an unobstructed view of her beauty. He, himself, was in his last clean t-shirt, and the swim trunks that he had worn for the last three days. He too was out of underwear and was willing his penis not to tent out the nylon of his shorts.

She finally found the roll of quarters and started dumping them into the two machines they needed. She bent over the machines to throw in the separated laundry and add soap. Owen could see her breasts hanging down freely, barely held by her middy t-shirt and he got a great view of the sweat material cupping her tender buttocks. Unable to control himself, he reached out cupping her cheeks in his hands. She smiled over her shoulder, pouring soap and



LAUNDRY NAUGHTY

wiggling her can at the same time.

"Can't you wait til we get back to the apartment?"

"Not really," he replied, pushing his now rising pants against her ass. His throbbing bulge nestled between her buttocks and she thrust back against him in response. She loved the way his cock nestled in her butt crack, and the fact they were in the laundrette made it all the more erotic. She loved teasing him, turning him on, and this was another perfect opportunity. Behind her, he reached forward, cupping her breasts in his hands and pushing them together and then down, his fingers finding her taut nipples and squeezing them delicately. Latetia's eyes closed and she thrust back further, rocking Owen on his heels. She closed the loaded machines and then gripped them, laying flat against their smooth, cool surfaces.

Owen reached between her legs and felt the wetness through her shorts and the engorged lips of her delicious pussy. He rubbed her slowly, and she pushed against his hand then back against his cock, grinding her cheeks. He reached up with his free hand and slipped down her shorts, exposing her apple-shaped rear. Latetita pushed against him with her ass out in the cool breeze of the room.

"No. We'll get caught," she said, but her body spoke volumes against her words, her pace not slowing as she rubbed him through his trunks and stretched out on the machines, ready for anything. Owen held her shorts in one hand and pulled down his with the other. His penis sprang out and nestled in her warm crack. Latetia moaned at his heat and settled against him, pulling her top up so she could rest her breasts on the machine. She knew she was powerless to stop him once he had her in this predicament, and the publicness of it all made her moan and push back to accept her fate. She worried they would be caught, but she

wanted to fuck even more.

Her nipples were swollen with the cold and excitement and she bucked against him, begging him silently to enter her. Owen set his shorts loosely under his balls and slipped his bulging cock between her legs, rubbing her wetness with his pulsing member. She reached down, guiding him to her, rubbing herself with him as if he were her toy and then with a sigh of delight from them both, slipped him in between her moist lips, plunging deep inside her softness. It was an excruciatingly erotic moment. The second her pussy walls relaxed and allowed the invading cock to puncture her like that, was amazingly hot, and she knew at that moment why sex between them was always so good.

Owen grabbed her hips in his hands and began to stroke her, but she stopped him breathily.

"Not yet," she gasped, pressed some buttons on the machine and shut the doors. Both washers rumbled into life and she pressed back against Owen who was already driving into her again. Latetia pressed her groin against the roiling washers, the vibrations thrumming through her legs straight through to her clitoris as she was being impaled on her lover's cock. Owen groaned as he rammed his way into her, then pulled out then deep inside again, flexing as she pulled at his manhood within her. The vibrations ran up his hammering cock and down through his balls. He closed his eyes and just stroked her, the combined delicious pressure of her cunt and the rumbling from the machine bringing him closer to exquisite happiness.

Latetia swayed on the machine, her dark hair matching her motions as she rubbed her nipples on the chilly, stirring washer lids. Incredibly aroused, she thrashed her long hair around, teasing Owen as she swayed and pushed back onto his cock, driving him mad with arousal. She lifted one leg, grinding herself against her mechanical mate as much as she could, driving the sensations through her and into Owen's pounding or-



gan, to come back to her amplified, driving her crazy with vibrating lust.

A rattle was heard at the door behind them as someone tried their key to the secure laundry room door. Latetia secretly wanted them to come in, to watch her fucking this man, and to masturbate as she pushed back onto the wonderful cock inside her. But the fear of the unknown got the better of Owen.

"Go away!" he yelled to the pending intruder as the machine rumbled against his lover's clitoris.

The jiggling stopped, but they could hear an indignant "humph" as someone spied them through the plate-glass window that looked into the laundry room. They obviously lingered, maybe to stroke him or herself or maybe to wonder whether they could join, because it took a few minutes for the footsteps to walk away. Owen and Latetia didn't care either way, so wonderful was their noisy threesome with the machine their conjoined lover.

Owen grabbed the thigh that was astride the washer and dug his fingers into her ass with his other hand, pushing her on top of the machine. He pressed his balls against the machine, feeling with full force the tremblings that were running through

her. He held himself in her deeply, grinding against her and she returned the favour, driving her ass against his stomach and trying to balance so as not to fall off. The pressure in her cunt and the vibrations that filled her being were too much and she cried out, almost muffled by the grinding machines, and Owen took his cue. He bent her over the machine as far as she'd go and drove into her with deep strokes, willing his balls to tighten and his cum to rise. As Latetia shrieked in the throes of her own orgasm, Owen filled her spasming canal with his juicy load, pressing deeply within her, the machine getting him off from below as her pussy sucked him from above.

Finally spent, he slipped out of her with a wet slurp and quickly hauled his trunks up to waist level. Like a rubber band, her sweat shorts popped up over her ass, and Latetia stood up, albeit shakily, as if nothing had happened. She brushed some stray hair from her eyes with trembling fingers. A large wet spot was growing at the junction between her legs as his wetness slipped from hers.

"Race you back for more!" the post-orgasmic, gorgeous young woman said, leaving her man to clean up the drops of cum that had spilt onto his trunks.

- Natty

Dear 40+ Magazine,

My girlfriend, Mallory, has the most talented pair of peds I've ever had the pleasure of playing footsies with. The girl is as dexterous with her toes as most people are with their fingers. And for a confirmed female foot-fanatic like me, that makes for ped heaven on earth.

I met Mal at a fashion show; we were both swimsuit modeling for a lunchtime crowd of horny businessmen. Her legs are every bit as long, luscious, and liquid-inducing as mine, which is what first attracted me to her, of course. But what really brought a tear of joy to my pussy, was when I witnessed her pick up her bikini top backstage — with her bare foot. Her long, slender toes plucked up that skimpy piece of swimsuit and brought it up to her hand in a gesture of absolutely amazing dexterity. And I knew right then and there that I had to have those agile toes on my body, feeling up my breasts, pumping my pussy, playing with my clit. And I soon did.

I introduced myself, and we got to know one another, our likes and dislikes, our fetishes. We had foot-fantastic sex right from the get-go, me licking her playful peds, nibbling on her succulent toes, she toeing my nipples and pussy and clit. She'd bring me off in a heated gush with her talented feet and then I'd reciprocate with my fingers and mouth. Mal doesn't totally share my flights of foot fancy, but she sure doesn't mind providing them.

And something we did just recently share was another girl. I met blonde, leggy Belinda at a women's shoe store. She was one of the clerks there and I could instantly tell she was a fellow foot-fetisher by the way she handled my stockinged feet, lovingly easing them into a sexy pair of red pumps and then oohing and aahing over the results. I thought Mal would get along great with the curvaceous babe, too, so I brought her home for dinner one night.

We ate and drank and talked, our conversation getting decidedly more wicked as Belinda described her close encounters of the foot kind with some of her favorite well-heeled customers at the shoe store. I lapped it all up, and before long, Belinda and I were openly playing footsies



with one another, caressing each other with our feet. Mal rolled her eyes, not-so-subtly fingered her crotch in silent appreciation of our ped-antics. It didn't take long for all three of us to hotfoot it on into the bedroom.

We anxiously kissed and caressed one another, then tore off our clothes and collapsed onto the bed under the sheer weight of our sexual excitement. We rolled around in each other's arms for awhile, Mal and I getting to know Belinda's overripe body on a more intimate basis. Eventually, I ended up lying flat on my stomach, my head in-between Mallory's legs, licking her pussy and tickling her clit, while Belinda lapped at the crinkly bottoms of my feet and sucked on my toes from behind.

I reveled in the feel of Belinda's velvety tongue on my sensitive soles, her hands all over my legs, the tangy scent and taste of Mal's juicy pussy. And it wasn't long before I brought my ravenhaired girlfriend to shuddering climax, knowing just how to tongue her for maximum results. Then I suggested she do the same to Belinda and me, feet-first, of course.

We sat up on the bed, backs to the headboard, an arm around each other's shoulders, while Mal sat in front of us. And after teasing us unmercifully for a while, pulling her feet up to her mouth and sucking on her toes, tonguing in between them one by wriggling one, the leggy girl finally extended her long, gleaming limbs towards us. She placed one of her delicately-arched peds on each of our smoldering pussies, started fondling. Belinda and I hungrily kissed and frenched,

Mal played with our pussies. Belinda moaned into my mouth when Mal slid her big toe into the girl's slit and waggled it around. Mal pumped her toe back and forth in Belinda's pussy, feeling up the girl's big boobs with her other foot, the blonde panting like a bitch in heat.

And after toe-fucking Belinda for a good, long while, rolling and pulling on the babe's stiffened nipples with her nimble foot-digits, Mal slid her dripping big toe out of Belinda's pussy and brought it up to the girl's mouth so she could lick her own juices off. Belinda eagerly slurped on Mal's toe, running her tongue around and around the outstretched appendage, before slithering her tongue in between the other toes in line.

Mal pulled her foot away, covered both of our pussies with her exquisite peds again and started toe-fucking the two of us. She inserted all of her toes into our pussies, except for her big toes, which she used to buff our clits while she pumped our slits.

She went faster and faster, Belinda and I clinging to one another, our bodies rocking in rhythm to Mal's wicked peds. We shook with joy, Mal toeing us to shattering climax. We gushed pussy juice all over her delectable feet, whimpering our thanks as we quivered with ecstasy.

We three gals have hooked up plenty of times since, Mallory always adept at foot-handling the situation.

-Jessica









Hye achon

MEET US BETWEEN THE SHEETS

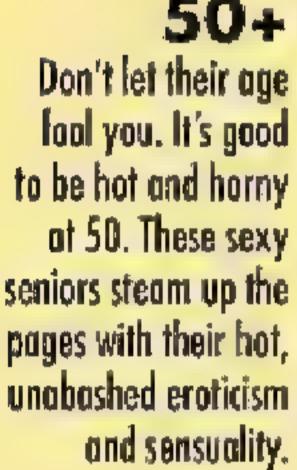
40+

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As far as Anna's concerned, she was married 20 years too long. She always knew her husband was a prick, but her parents had their heart set on their daughter marrying the ambitious and handsome corporate climber, so she agreed, wondering how bad it could really be. It didn't take more than a couple of months for her to find out that it could get pretty darn bad. He instantly tired of his young bride; he didn't even try to hide the fact that he was cheating on her with anything in a skirt. She stuck it out until the kids had moved out, then asked for a divorce as well as most of his money.



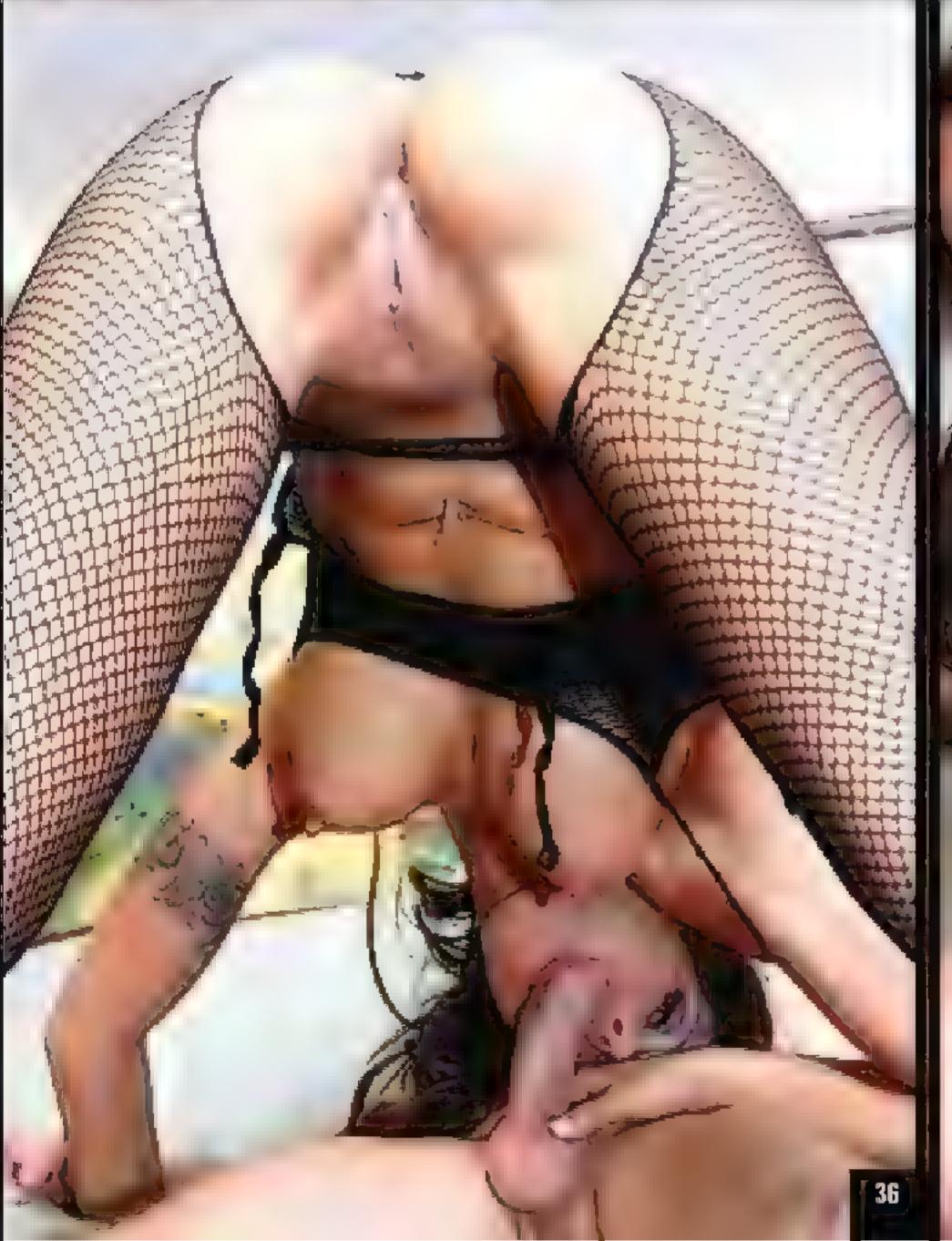
















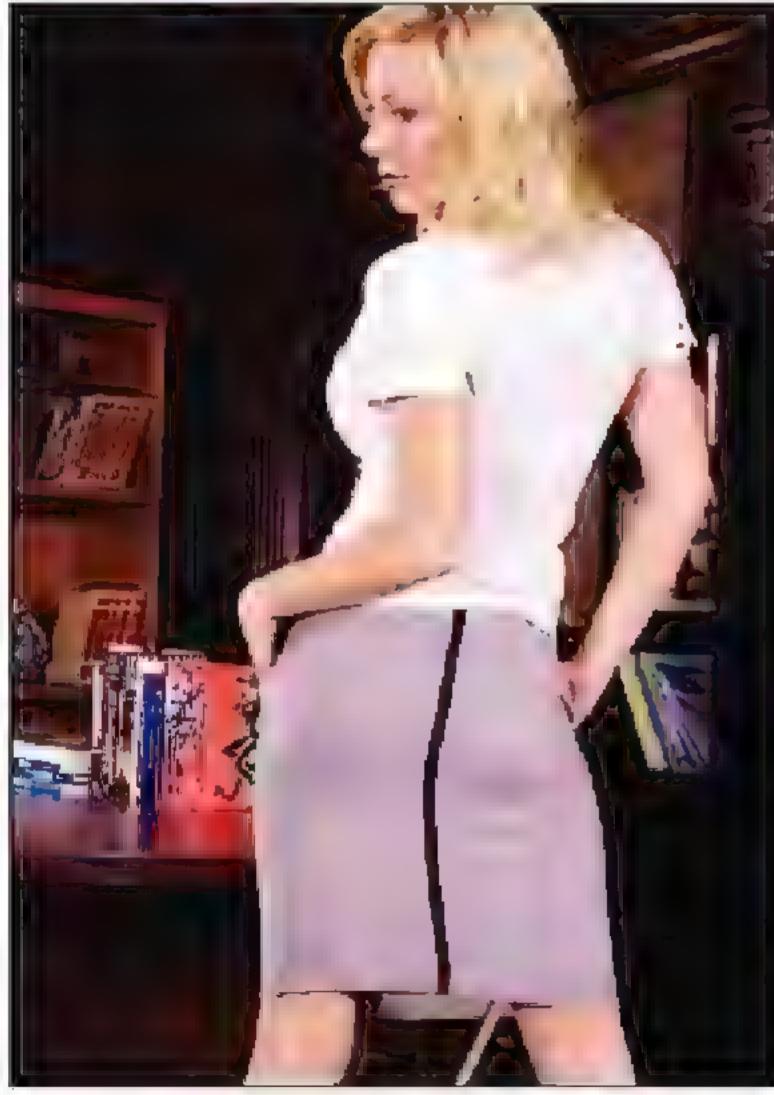














While Holly might not look like a typical academic, her body designed more for the pole than a podium, she's always had an unquenchable desire to learn, so it made sense to pursue her passion through a career in academia - and this is where her second passion came into play: sex. Campuses are notoriously rife with sexual experimentation and Holly knew there was no better place to get her perverse fix with students aplenty.





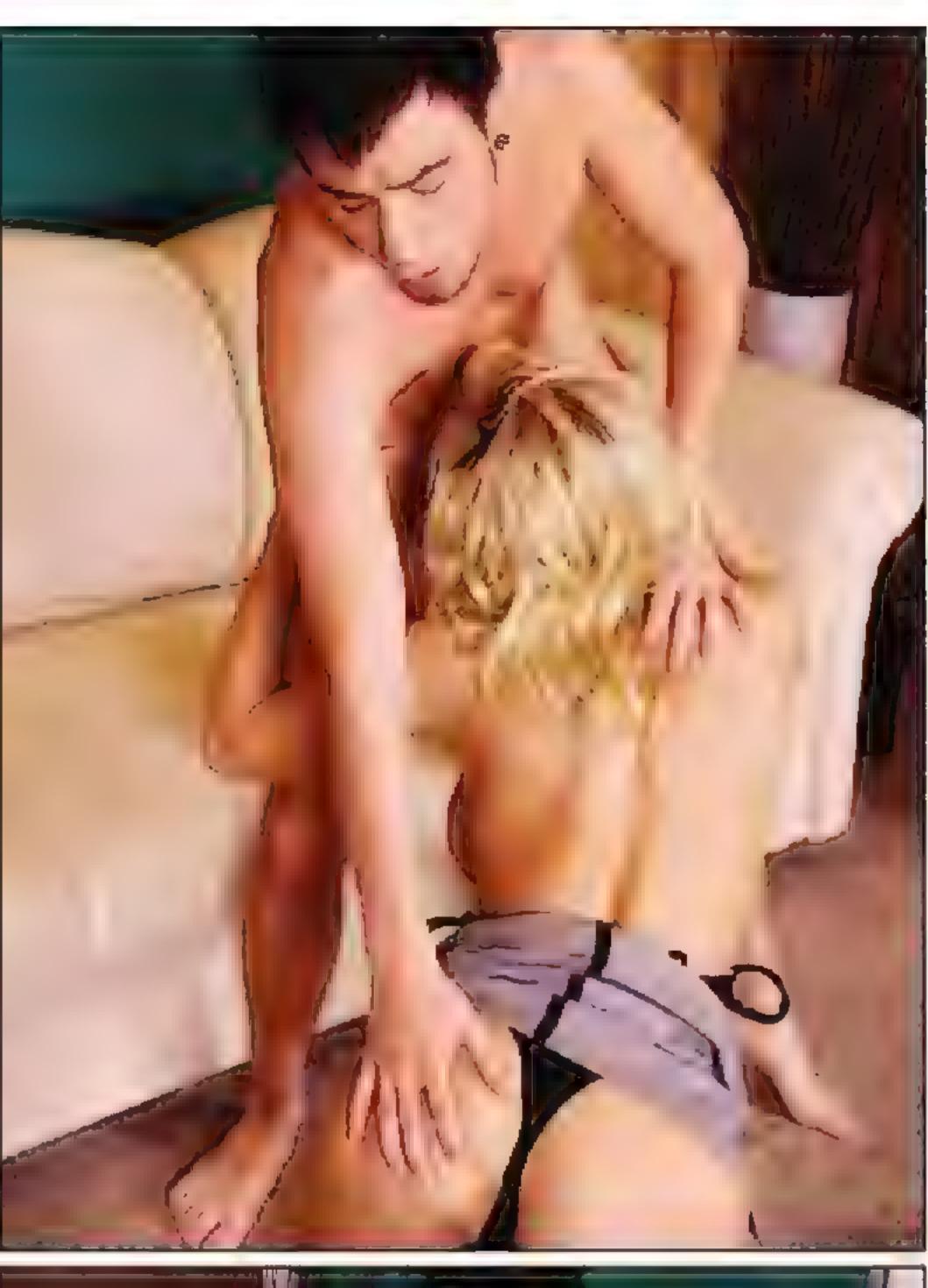




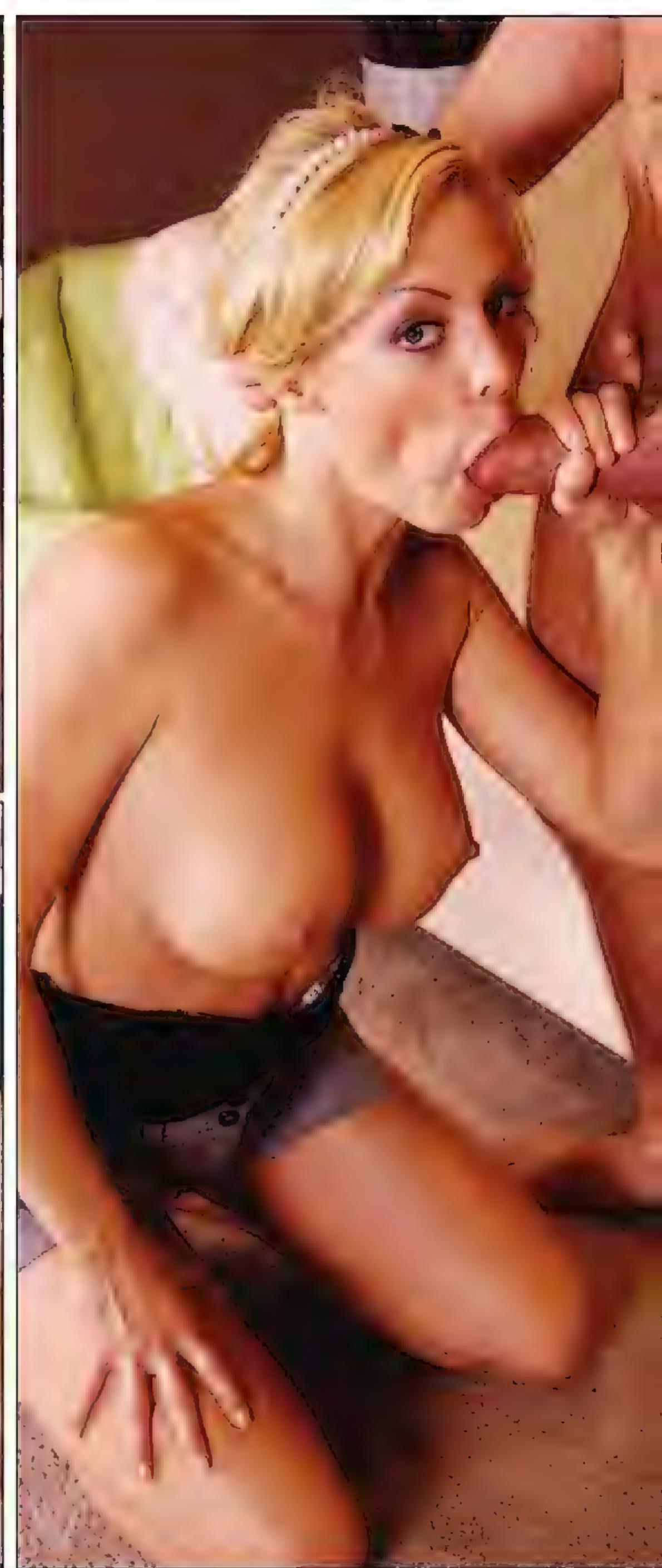


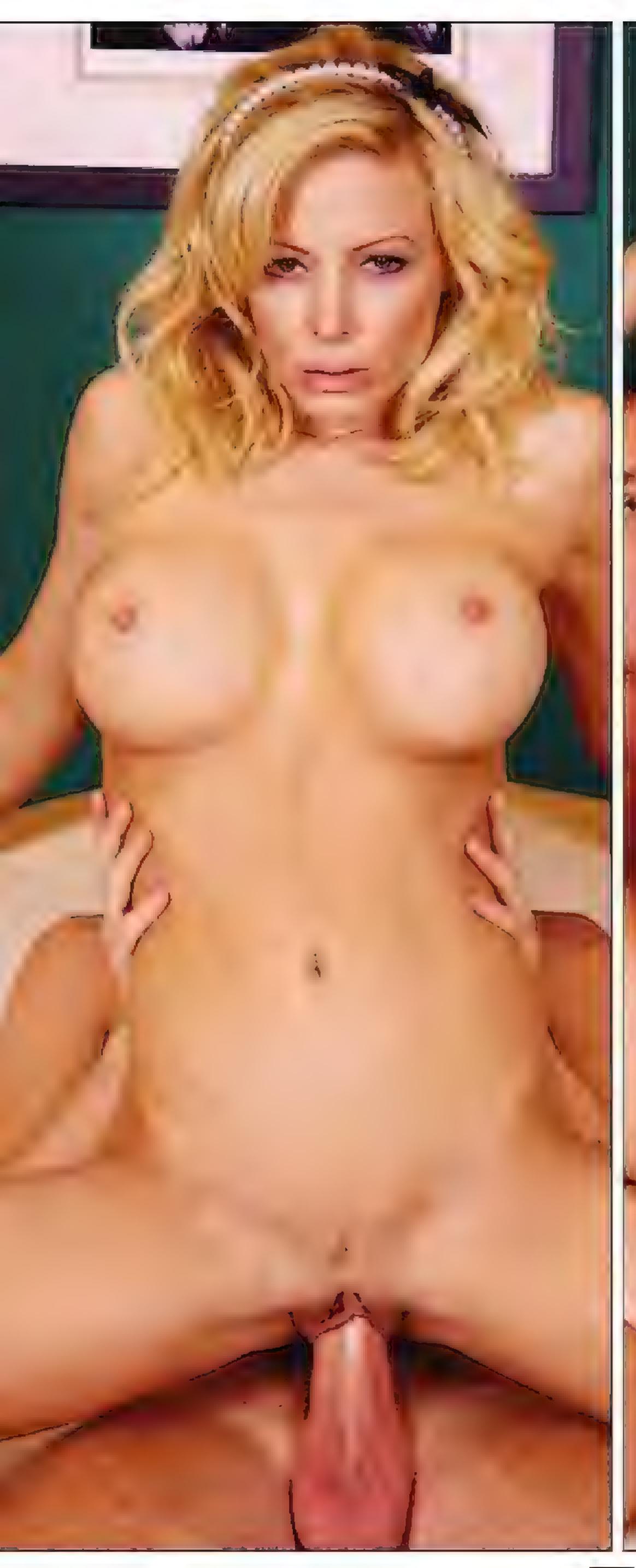




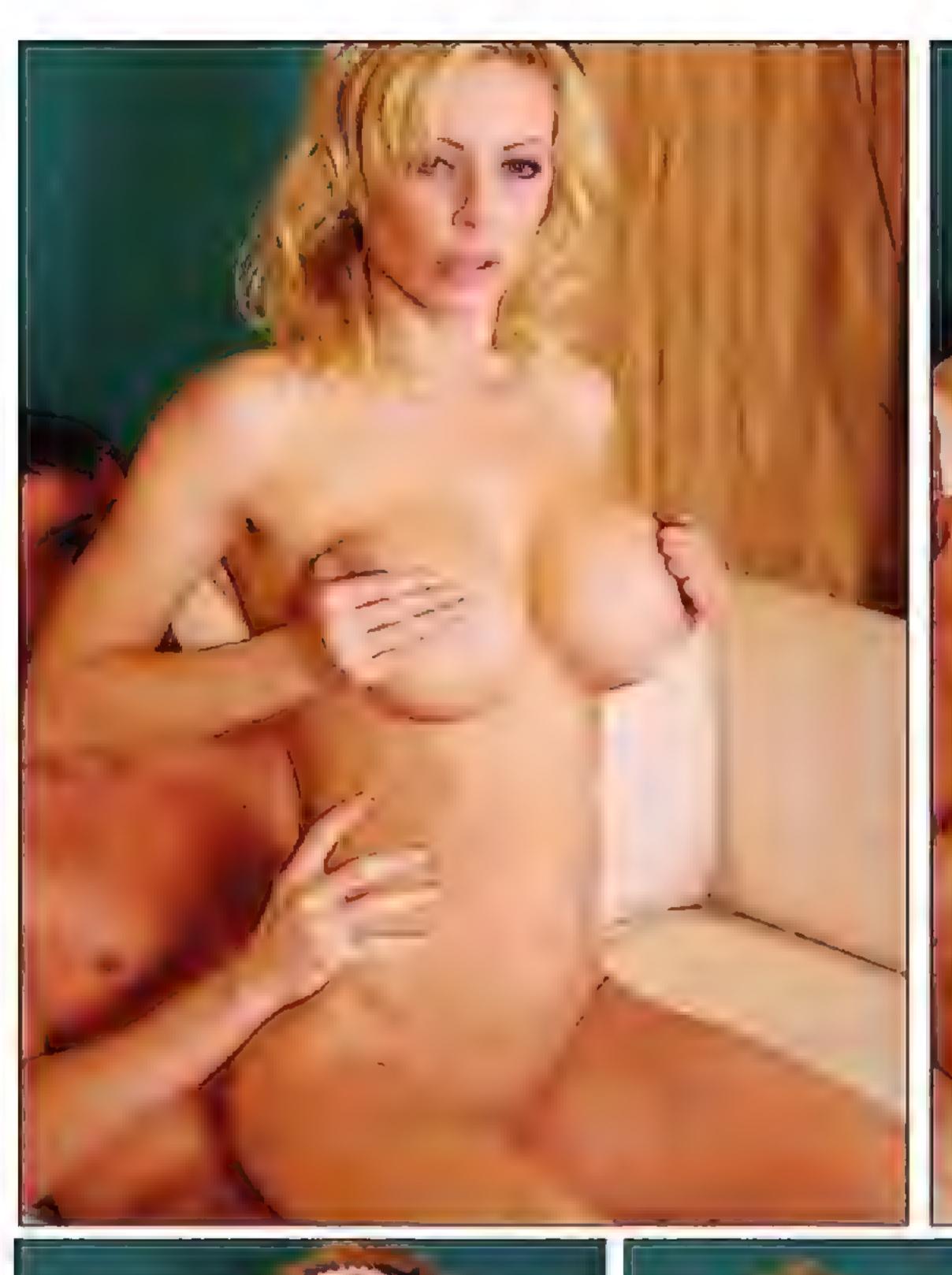






































And for Holly, endurance is very important. She's never been fond of quick fucks. Once she gets started, she doesn't want to quit until she's well and thoroughly used.

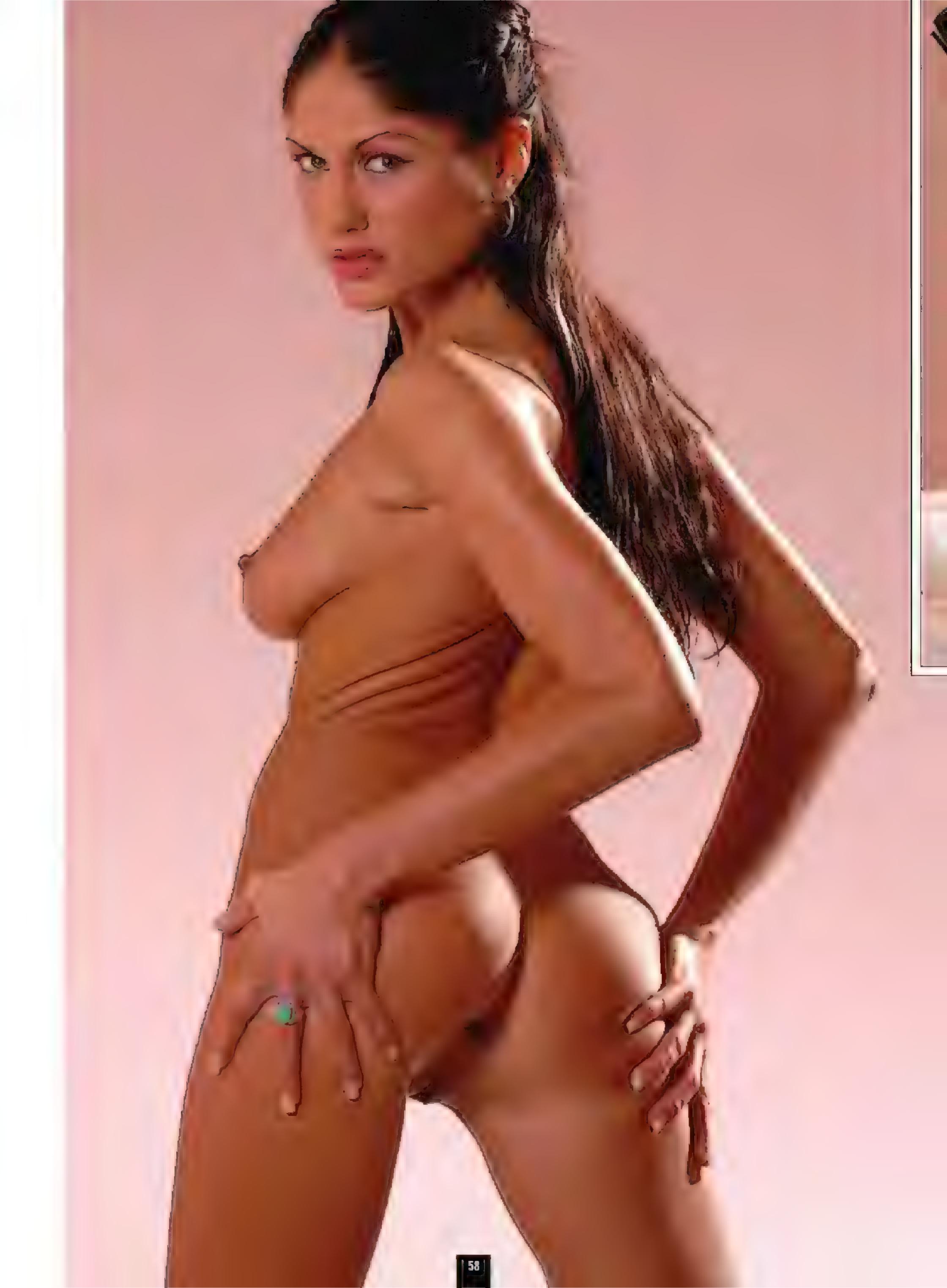






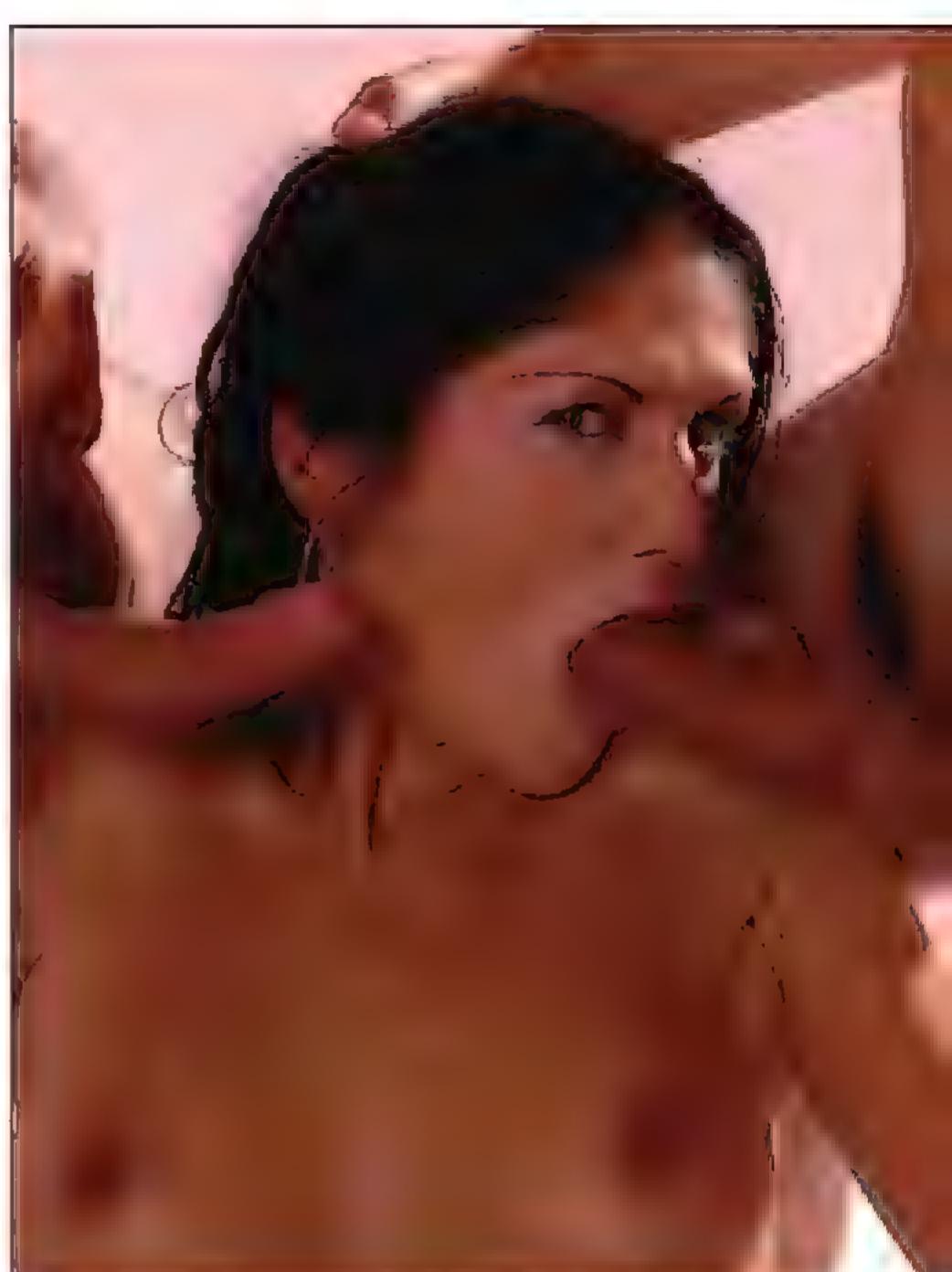
When she was young, Sandra had put herself through college and then grad school by doing some nude modeling, as well as "acting" in a few films. Though she'd never made it to super-star status, she did well enough, completely financing her education, as well as providing enough money to live on. Once she started her professional career, she never expected that she would ever have need to model again. With the recent economic meltdown, her company buckled and Sandra found herself without a job, a mortgage and car payments. It was back to the camera for the sexy model.















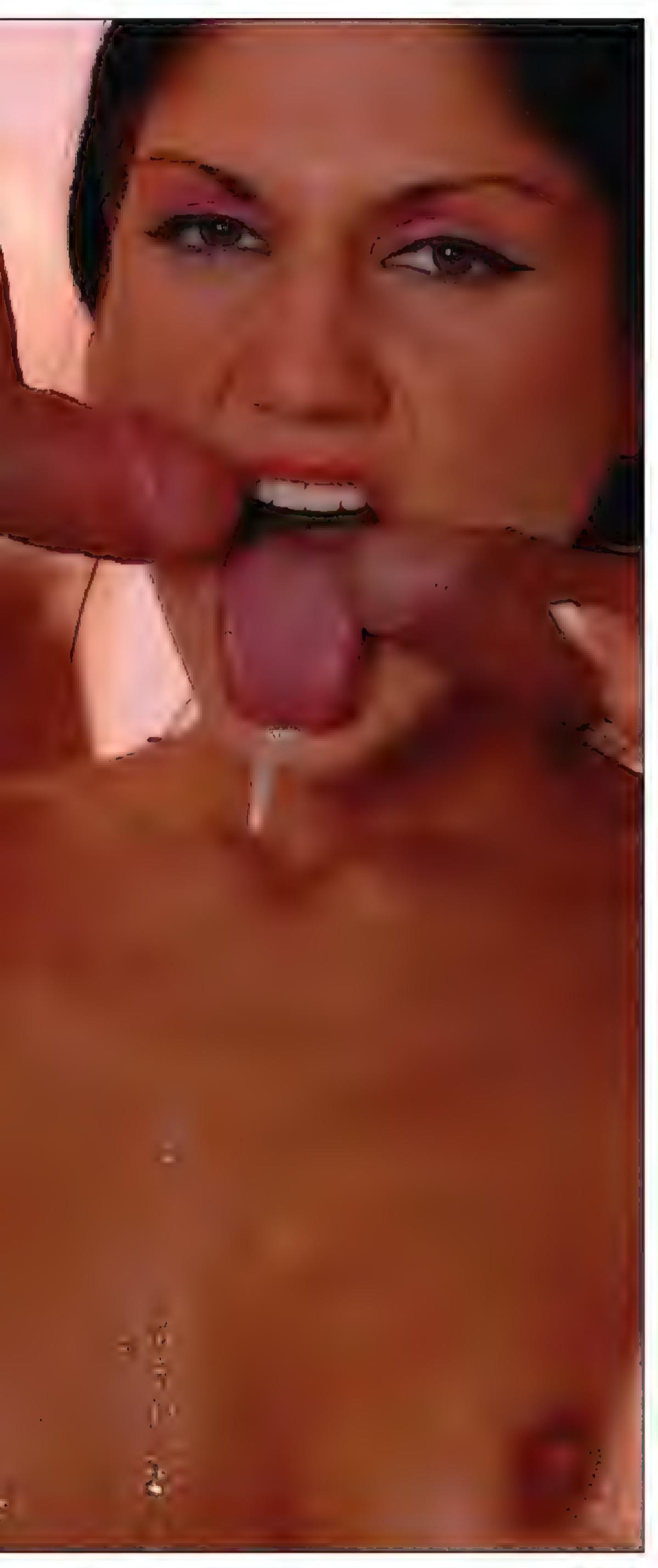


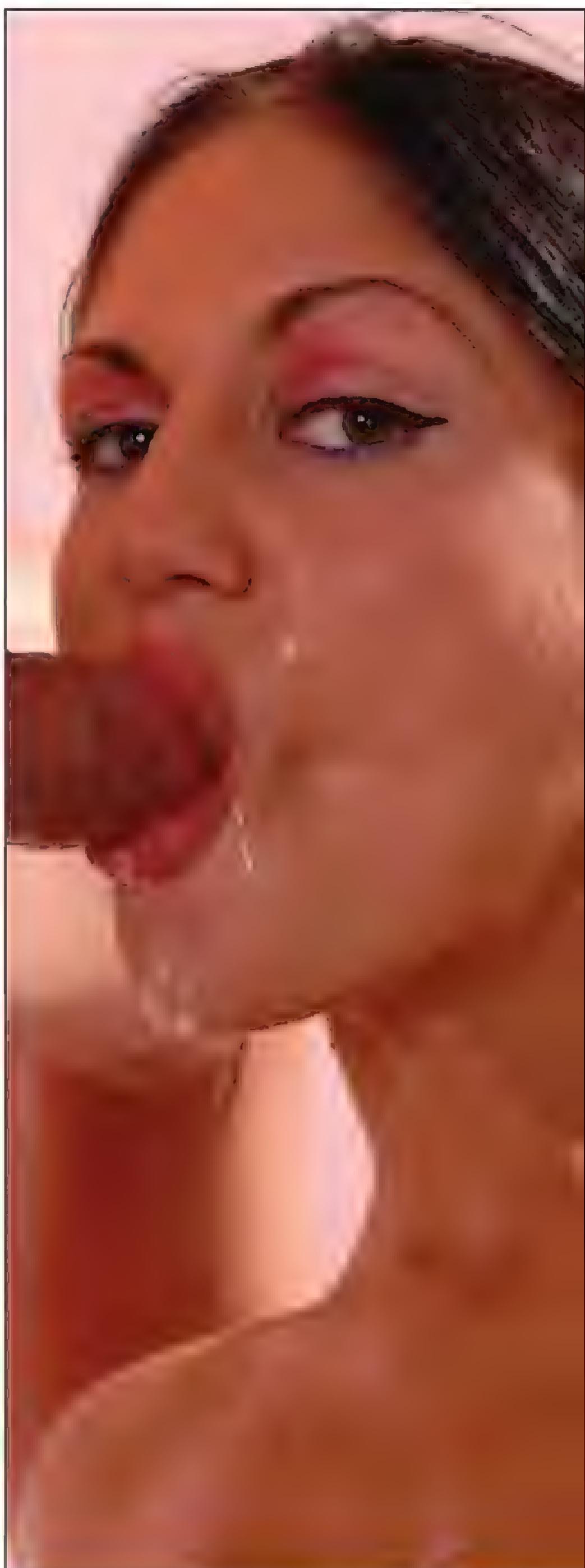












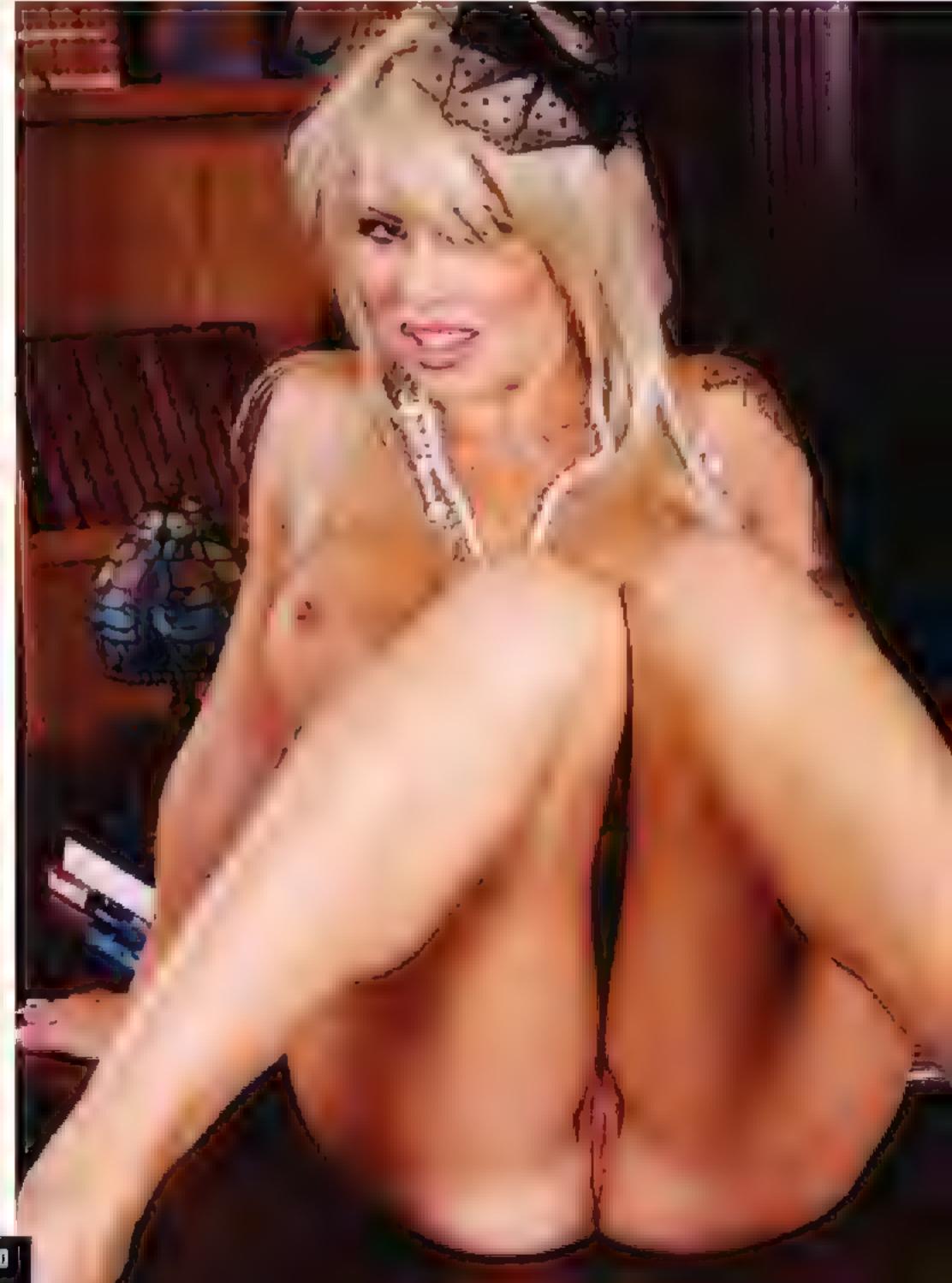


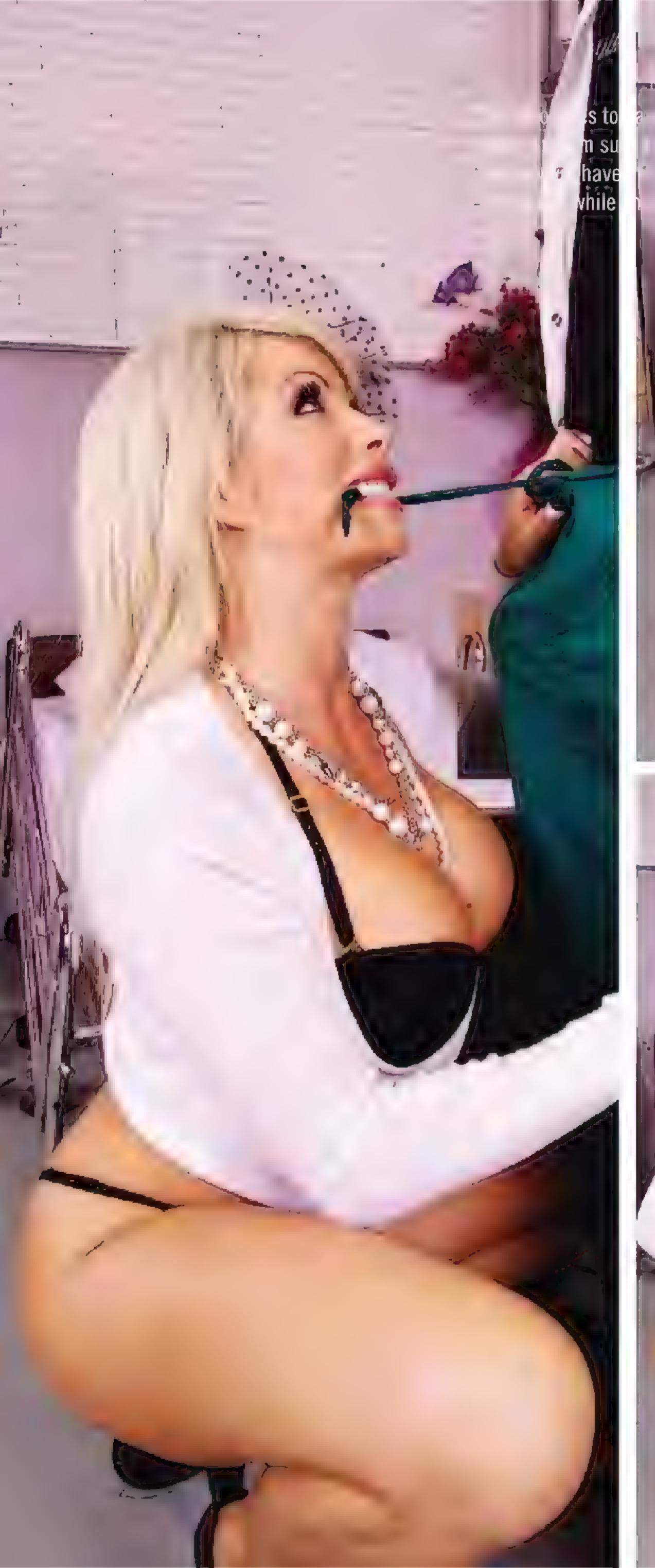


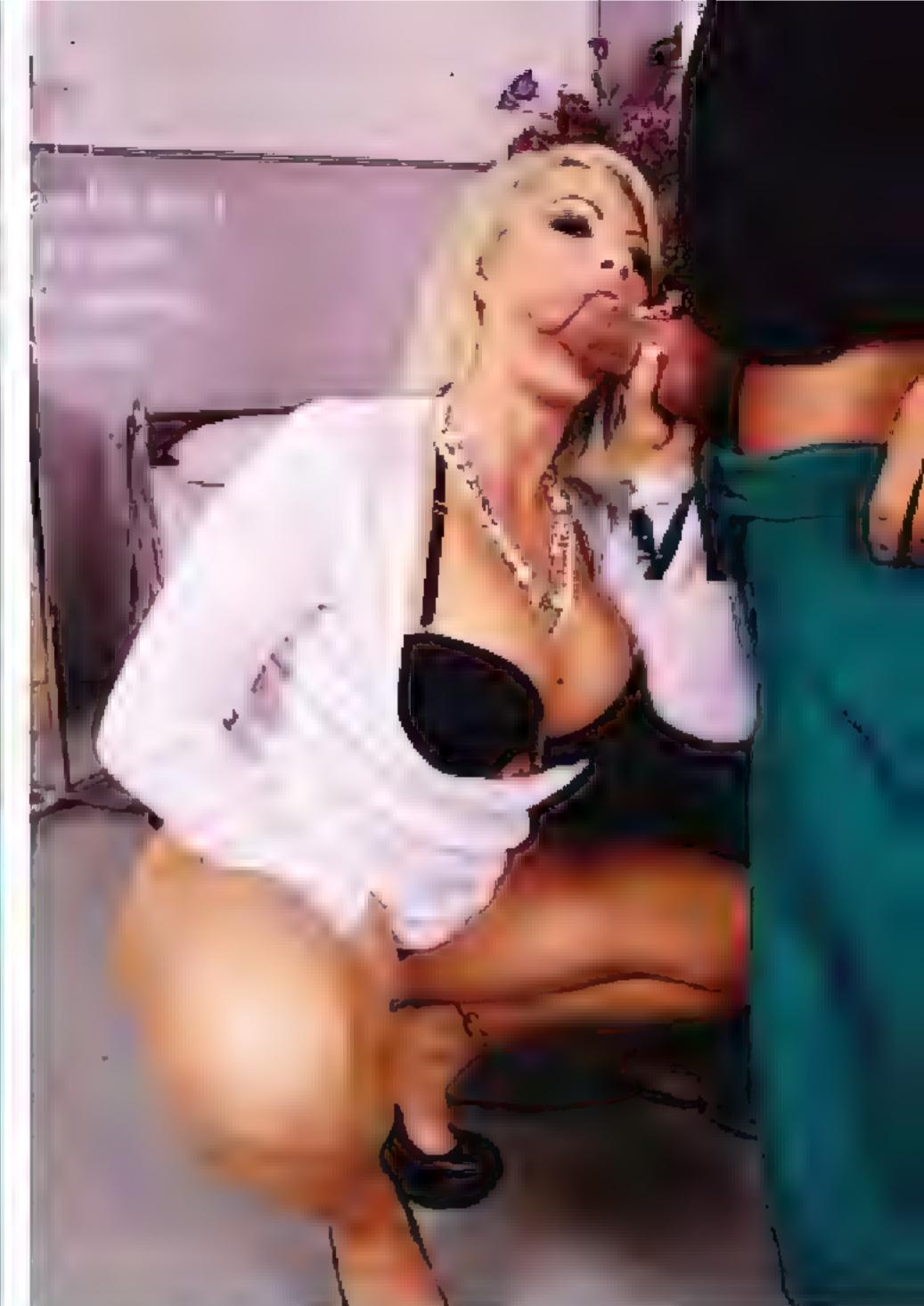
























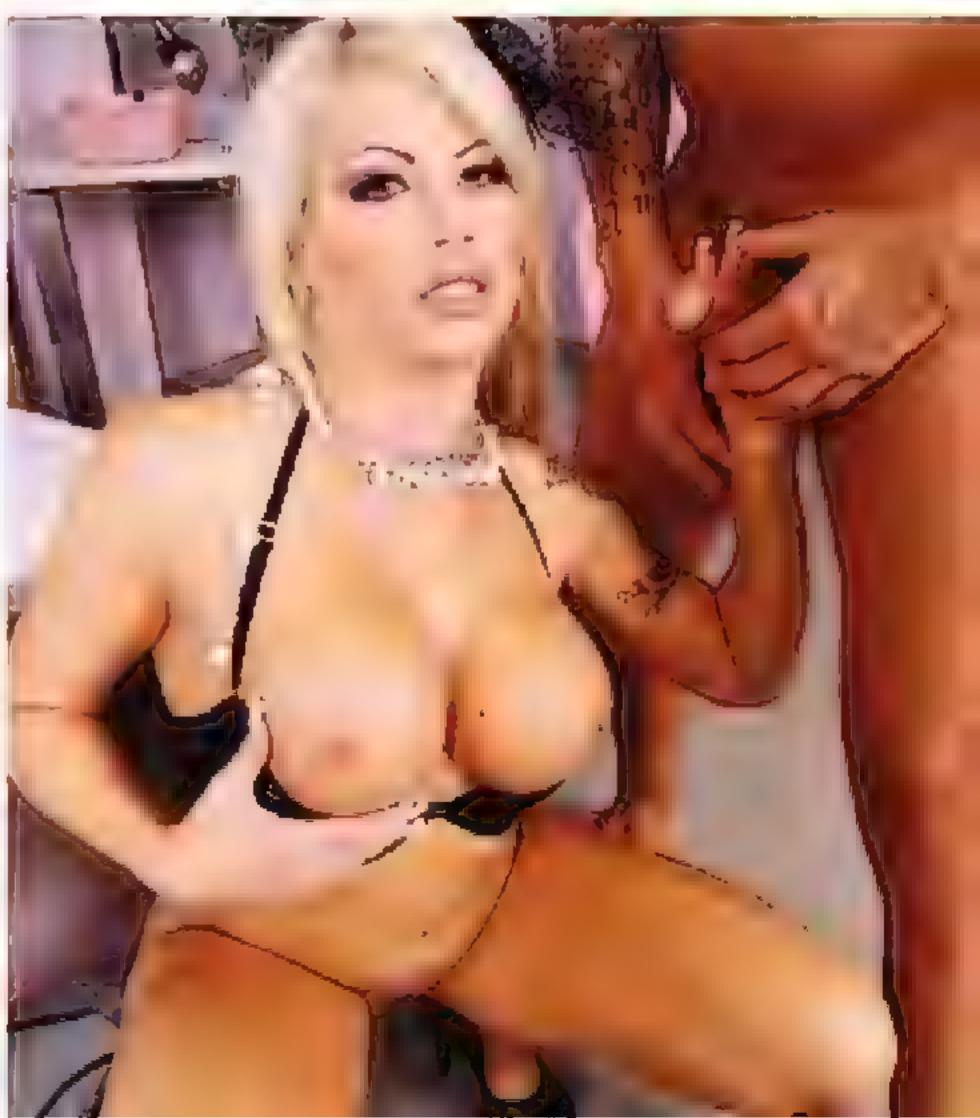
































Not about to be cheated out of her creamy indulgence, Tera had him use his schlong to feed her his mis-shot cum. As she said, there's no need to cry over spilled cream...























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The young man at the grocery store, the businessman having lunch in the local bistro all are likely to be disconcerted by my appraising glance. Since we all know or SHOULD know. that the most sensitive erogenous zone is between our ears, then it makes sense that it is a woman's aura, her vibe, that arouses a man's interest. An older woman is more likely to give off an air of confidence an air of knowing just what she wants and how to get it. Such a woman knows her body well and knows how to extract every last drop of pleasure from it. She's comfortable in her own skin and doesn't waste fretting about minor imperfections the way she might have done in her twenties. By the time she's in her forties a woman knows what's important. She knows the value of taking her time, knows that where there's one orgasm, there's also another and another. An older woman is experienced in the ways of pleasing a manand, more importantly, in how to please herself. She's not looking for a man's approval - she already knows who and what she is and what she demands from life. You won't need to spend your time trying to guess what the older woman wants from you - she'll let you know!

A word about "head games" and yes, there is a world of difference between a mind luck and a head game. The kind of head game an older woman plays is more likely to be a way of enhancing. her enjoyment - and her partner's - rather than to bolster a fragile ego as is often the case with a younger woman. Oh, and you won't find an older women asking "What are you thinking?" because, quite frankly, she doesn't much care.

If you want your world to be rocked, rather than just a little shaken, then seek out the older woman - sha'll rock your world in ways a younger woman hasn't even thought of yet!











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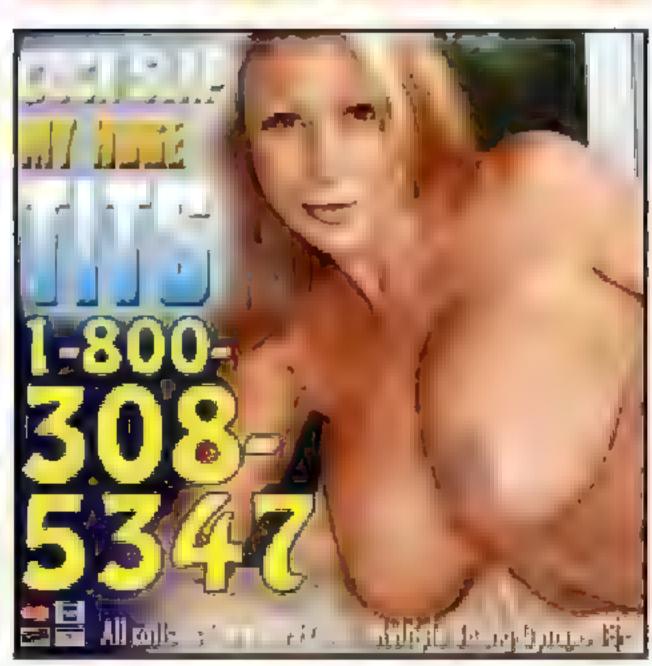


















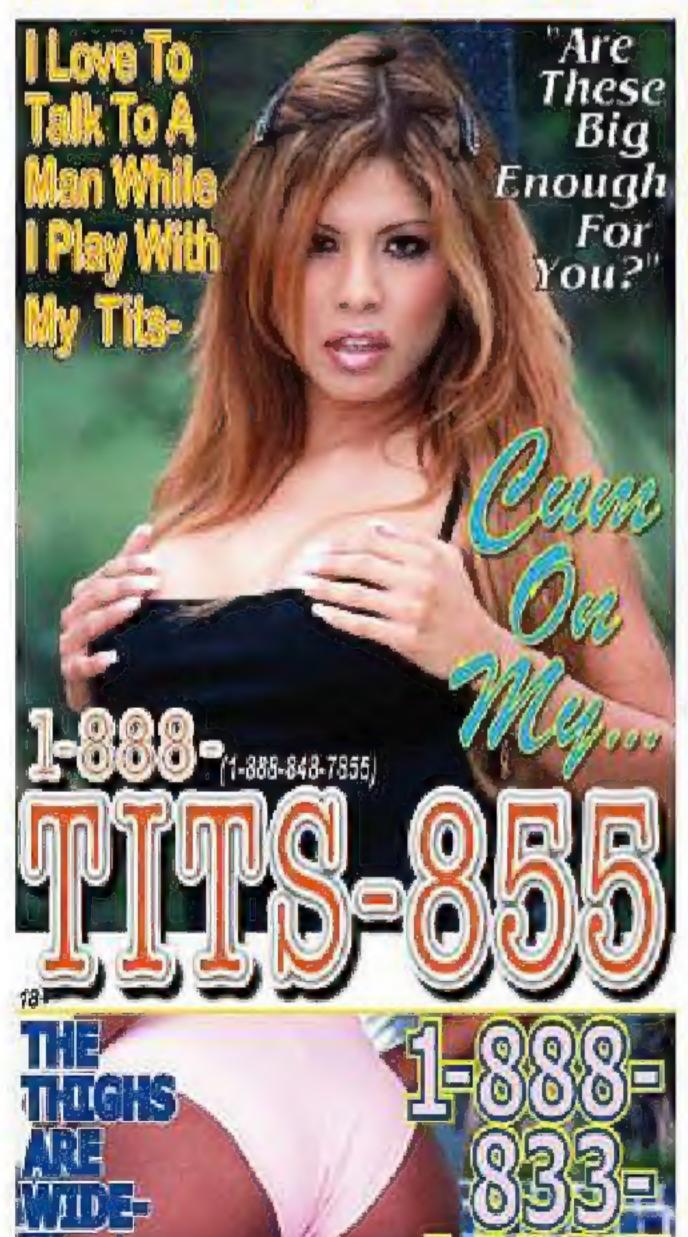


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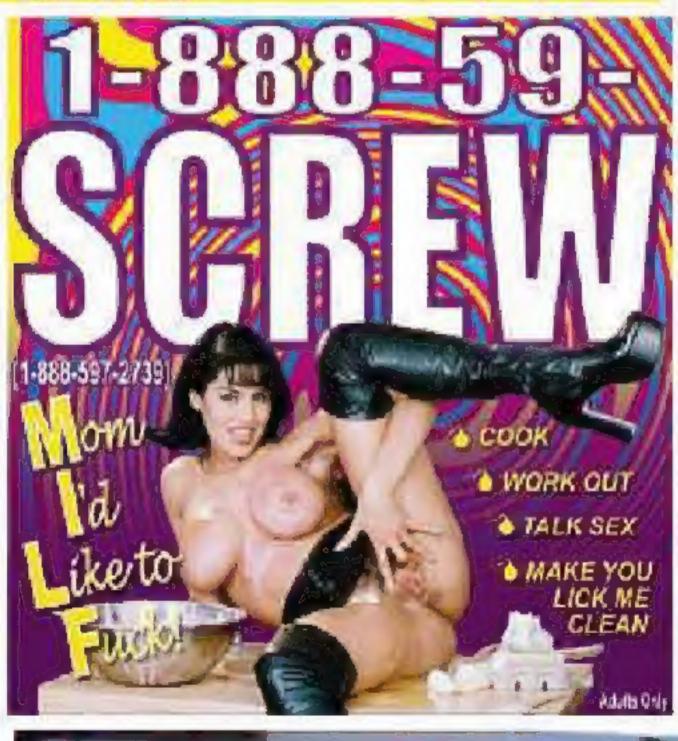


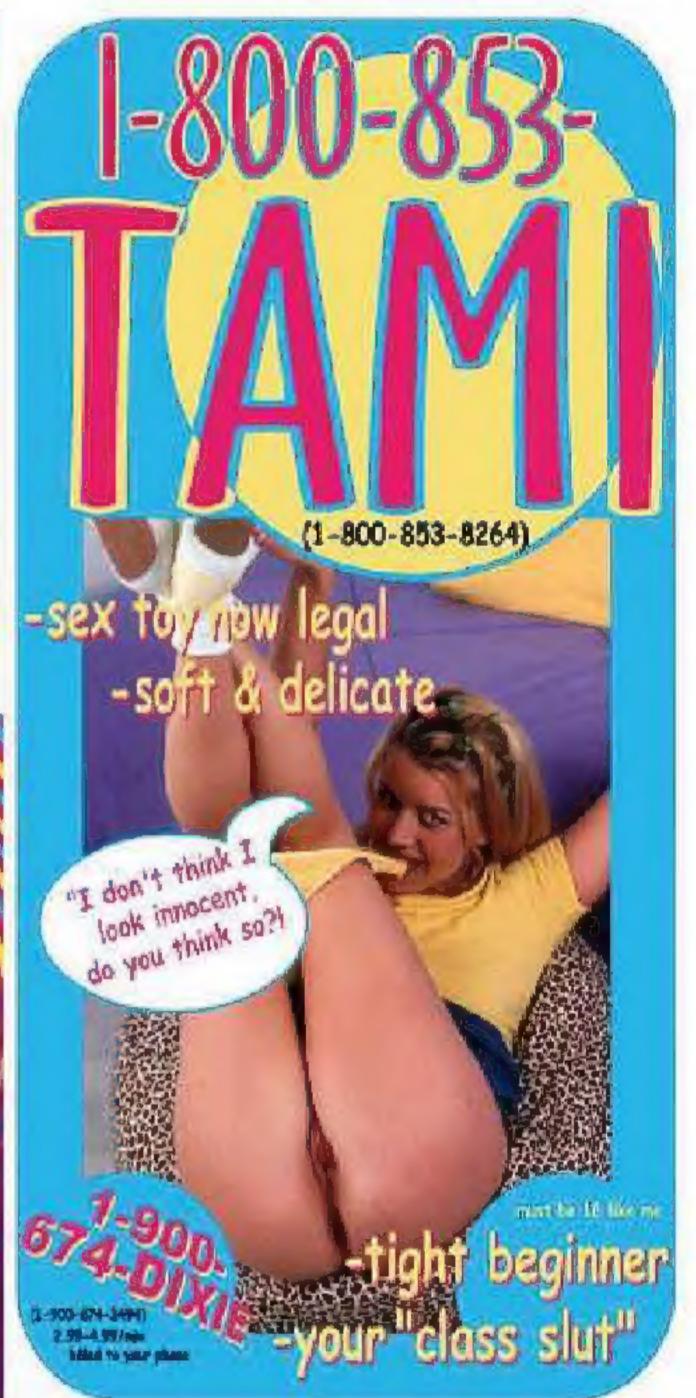






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